THE DAILY STAR

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 25

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like to pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account He'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long "to gi'e."

—H. H., St. Nicholas for October.

MY HERO.

"I shall build the wall, Nelly."

"Why, uncle dear," I said, "how changeable you are. It was only yesterday you told me you had given it up altogether."

"Yes, I had yesterday, Nelly, but I've altered my mind to-day. I shall build the wall and carry it right round the house, and have high gates and a big key to lock 'em with and keep it in my pocket."

"Why—whatever—for?" I said, laughing.

"Because," he answered, as he put his arm around me, and began stroking my hair is his dear old loving way—only it does tumble it so—"because it's quite time, else I shall come home one of these days and find it ain't home any longer, as some of these fellows have carried off my little housekeeper."

"Oh, uncle!" I said, turning all hot and red, and I bent down cutting Phil's sandwiches; "how can you talk such foolishness?"

"Tain't foolishness, my little lassie," he said, watching me very hard; "it's nature, Neil. Murray put it to me plump and plain yesterday—spoke right out."

"What about, uncle?" I said, feeling hotter and quite angry.

"What about, pussy?" he said, chuckling. "Of course you don't know. Told me like a man he loved you, and said he thought he ought to tell me so; for if he didn't he felt as if he had come to the mill under false pretenses. Ha, ha, he!"

"I'm sure, uncle," I said angrily, "I never gave Mr. Oliver Murray the least encouragement. Oh! don't uncle, you'r coming off all floury on my dress."

"To be sure I am, Nelly," he said, laughing, same as I have hundreds of times, like a jolly miller should. And so you've never given him any encouragement, eh?"

"Never, uncle," I cried indignantly; and in spite of all I could do, the tears would gather in my eyes, and one fell pat on the bread and butter between which I was laying slices of meat.

"Why, you wicked young fibster," he cried, laughing, "every look out of those eyes is an encouragement; every wave of that sunny brown hair; there's an encouraging dimple in that cheek, another in that, and one in your chin. Why, pussy, pussy, you are a wicked little encouragement to all the young men for miles round—from top to toe—and I don't wonder at Parson saying what he did."

"What did Mr. Wilson say?" I cried, eagerly, for I loved our dear, gentle old clergyman, and many a time I had been round with him in his visits to the sick and aged in the village, where his benevolent face and silvered head were always welcome.

"What did he say?" laughed uncle, placing his great hand under my chin and looking me full in the face; "why, that he should forbid you the church—have you locked out, because the lads were all staring at you instead of listening to the sermon."

"It's all nonsense," I said angrily, for I'm sure I never thought I was nice looking, and what uncle said seemed to trouble me.

"It's all nonsense, too, about John Fleming, I suppose," said my uncle, watching me very narrowly. "Wonderful how fond that chap's got of me lately?"

"Has he, uncle?" I said, bending over the sandwiches.

"Has ye? Yes, he has; he calls whenever he is going into the town to see if he can do anything for me; calls of an evening to ask how the horses are; calls of a morning to tell me the price of wheat; hang him, he's always calling, he's so fond of me—eh, Nelly? You've seen it, haven't you?"

"I—I've—I think I've seen that Mr. Fleming does come very often, uncle," I said, and I know my neck grew scarlet as I tied the sandwiches up in a little packet, and though I tried so hard I kept getting more confused—the more so that I knew dear uncle was watching me narrowly.

"Yes," he said dryly, "should think you had;" and he sighed gently. "Nelly, my little lassie," he said, taking me once more in his arms, and speaking very seriously, "it's all very natural, and I don't murmur, though it'll be a black day for the old mill when my darling is taken away."

"Oh, uncle!"

"Yes, I say when my darling's taken away; but don't be in a hurry, my child. All isn't gold that glitters. Many a good, true little heart has been won by a handsome face and smooth words, when, if that good, true little heart had had the wisdom to see it, there has been sterling worth and a more faithful love hidden behind a rough outside. It isn't the ruddiest apple in the orchard that's the best, Nelly. There's many a better one with a rough skin, that's better-tasted and firm and sound, where your handsome, streaky fruit's bitter, mealy, and rotten at the core."

I couldn't help it now. I burst into tears.

"Has Noll Murray said anything to you, lassie?"

"No, uncle," I said angrily; "and if he did I—"

"Should say no to him, eh, lassie?"

"Yes, uncle, of course," I exclaimed, but all the same my heart kept beating strangely.

"I'm a plain, blunt man, my dear," he said; "and I tell you I'm sorry for it. Oliver Murray is a staunch, true man, well-to-do, and as open and honest as the day. Has Fleming said anything to you?"

I didn't answer. I could not. I was choaking.

"Silence gives consent," he said quietly. "Well, my dear, it must come, I suppose, some day; but don't hurry, my child, don't hurry. I won't thwart you in your wishes, but if I must lose you some day, I should like to feel that you had gone to a happy home."

I hardly know what followed, only that I threw my arms round his neck and was sobbing on the honest, broad old breast, where I had so often cried myself to sleep when first he fetched me, a poor, trembling little orphan, years before, to his own widowed home, where he had shared his love between me and his own child, cousin Philip, ever since. I know I cried and sobbed as if my heart would break, as I told him again and again that I loved no one but Philip and him and that I never, never wished to go away from the dear old mill.

I was in the midst of one of my most passionate protestations, when some one cried—

"Hallo! what's the matter?"

I turned hastily away, for there was Philip, with his fresh, young, eager face and wide-open eyes at the door, fastening his pony's bridle to the ring, while he came in to fetch his sandwiches and the puffs which I had made for him to take to school.

"Hallo!" he said again, "what's the matter; has cousin Nelly cut herself?"

"Here," said uncle gruffly; "you take your dinner, sir, and be off. You'll be late."

"Oh, no I shan't, father," cried the boy.

"Then you'll be galloping the pony all the way, you dog," said uncle. "Now, look here, Phil, you're about going mad over that pony. You cantered across the low meadow last night."

"Yes, father," said the boy, hanging his head.

"And you got jumping the ditch—now don't deny it, sir; there are the hoof marks in the soft turf."

"I wasn't going to deny it, father," said the boy, frankly. It was only a little ditch, and Jack Sanders said I could not."

"Oh!" said uncle sharply; but I know he looked pleased the while; "and so, then, if Jack Sanders or any other chuckle-headed fellow dares you to do anything you're to break your neck, eh? Now be off to school!"

"All right, father!" cried the boy; and the next moment after there was a trampling of the pony's hoofs outside, and with my eyes now dried I walked with uncle round to the front of the cottage, where we stood at the gate as, bright, happy and eager in the sunny morning, the boy cantered along and dashed down to where the glistening river ran bubbling over the pebbly ford.

"Look at the young dog!" cried uncle sharply, but with a smile on his face, as Phil drummed the pony's sides with his heels and galloped through the water, sending it splashing, flying and sparkling in every direction.

I smiled up in uncle's face and we went back into the house together, the pretty, old place standing in its beautiful garden, with the busy water-mill and the wooden bridge about fifty yards away, while the bright little river ran noisily along its bed, after turning the great splashing wheel; and all round the great Derbyshire hills shut us in from every blast.

"Don't be in a hurry, my child," uncle said seriously, as he kissed my forehead. "And now for business. Why, hallo!" he said, tapping the barometer, "how the glass is going down. Rain, my dear, and lots of it, before long. Well, the river is very low."

He went out then, and I tried to be busy over the household affairs, but somehow I couldn't keep my thoughts off uncle's words; and when once I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, it was to see that my cheeks were red as fire.

At last I was sitting in the little parlor, working by the open window, feeling more at peace, when I heard footsteps which set my little heart to beating furiously, and a minute after there was a tap at the door, and John Fleming came in, after our homely, neighborly style.

"Ah, Miss Wilmot," he said, "I've just come back from the town. I thought Mr. Wilmot would like to see the paper. Isn't he here?"

Now, as John Fleming stood there, flushed with exercise, a fine, handsome, tall fellow of five-and-twenty, I could not help thinking what a picture he made of health and manly strength. My heart was beating fast, for I knew he professed to love me, and in my girlish way I was attached to him, he was so attentive, so fond of waylaying me, and so tender and respectful in his ways; but fresh from my conversation with uncle then, I could not help feeling that it was an underhand way of coming to see me, to drop in with such an excuse, when he perfectly well knew that uncle was in the mill, as he always was at that time of the day.

"Uncle is in the mill," I said; and I meant to speak coldly, but somehow the words would not sound as I meant them to sound, and the next minute he had drawn a chair to my side, and was talking to me as he had never spoken before. He was calling me Nelly and praising my beauty; telling me he loved me with all his heart, and that if I refused him he should never be happy again. And all the time his handsome face was bending over me, and when I dared to peer into his eyes they were looking so earnestly into mine that I grew fluttered and trembled. When I tried to speak my voice was all of a shake, and I kept on thinking as he spoke of what happiness it would be to have him loving me through life as he said he would; and I am afraid that my face betrayed this, for he kept on talking more earnestly each minute.

And still through all came dear uncle's word—"don't be in a hurry;" and when I asked myself did I love this man, the answer came, and I felt that I should like to run away, and cry all by myself, but he tightly held my hand.

"You know I love you, Nelly, he whispered, in deep, earnest tones, and he tried to take my other hand, which I was drawing away, when I heard voices coming, and I heaved a sigh of relief as John Fleming started up, looked through the window, and then gave his foot a stamp with vexation.

"Here's that lout Murray," he exclaimed, and he snatched up the paper he had let fall and stood in the middle of the room as uncle came in, closely followed by Oliver Murray, who gave a start as he saw Fleming, and then his frank, honest face twitched and I saw a cold, gray shadow cross it, and I knew that he was suffering intense pain.

"Ah, Fleming!" said uncle quietly, "you here?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilmot," said Fleming, smiling; "I brought you over the paper, that's all. Just off. Good morning. Good morning, Miss Wilmot," he said, pressing my hand.

"Good morning, and thank you, my lad," said uncle quietly, his eyes fixed on me the while; and then with a short nod to Oliver Murray, John Fleming went out, while our other visitor crossed to and shook hands in a quiet grave way, and I could see now the pain I had caused shining out of his soft, gray, earnest eyes; for had not this man, with all the tact of a gentleman, told my uncle that he loved me?—though save in his grave gentle way, and little kindnesses, he had never shown it to me.

I could not help comparing the two men—the one tall, handsome, distingue, the other broad-shouldered and plain—as I said a few words distantly in reply to his inquiries; and I saw his lip quiver as I read him through and through, as a girl may read any true, frank man; and he was saying to himself, "God bless her! may she be happy with him." And then, in spite of my outer coldness, the throbbings of my heart began, as I could not help thinking how true and earnest was this grave, gray-eyed man toward the woman who he felt was gone from him forever; and my heart seemed to swell with a great pity for one who could be such a gentleman at heart.

"I think you're right, Murray," said uncle, tapping the glass again. "She's gone down again in the last hour or two, wonderful."

"I could hear the distant thunder as I came across," said Oliver, gazing at me the while; "they're having a heavy storm on the hills, and I thought I'd come and warn you."

"Thanky, my lad, thanky," said uncle. "Murray will have a bit of dinner with us. Nelly—but, hang it, man, what's the matter? you look like somebody else. You were as cheery as a cricket as we came."

I dare hardly glance at him, but I did; and I saw the grave, pained eyes wander from me to uncle, and back again, and there was a terrible silence in the room.

At last he spoke.

"I've been took aback, Mr. Wilmot," he said, with a piteous smile; "I have been surprised this morning, and after what I said to you, sir, it has come upon me like a thunder-clap, I'm not myself—I—Miss Wilmot," he said, making an effort over himself, and speaking calmly, as he came to where I stood, feeling white now, and took my hand, "we may be neigbors for years, so I think it better—to speak out plainly—said some words to your uncle yesterday—in ignorance—I did not know what you know now, or I would not have spoken. I meant to have—to have asked you to be my wife, for I was blind to everything—but the fact that I loved you very dearly. Now it is all over, and I say—God bless you! May you be very happy!"

He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it as if I had been a queen, and my heart swelled more and more with the great pity that filled it even to bursting; and as he dropped it and stood gazing reverently at me I could hear no more, but ran up stairs to throw myself on my bed and lie there sobbing as if my heart would break.

I don't know how long I lay there, dinner and everything forgotten but those two soft, tender, piteous eyes looking into mine when I started up awake to the fact that the room looked very dark, that it was thundering very heavily, and there was the sound of rushing waters.

I hastily bathed my eyes, which were now dazzled by the lightning, and smoothed my hair to go down below; but out at the front the rain was coming down in a sheet and the little river had swollen so that its frothy surface was level with the foot-bridge.

"Oh, miss, ain't it awful?" said a voice at my elbow. "Master's at the mill with Mr. Murray and the men, and they're afraid somthin' will be swep' away—oh!"

The girl—our maid—gave a shriek as a vivid flash of ligutning seemed to fill the house; and for the next hour the lightning, rain and thunder were incessant, though I never left the window for a moment.

Once, in the midst of it all, uncle and Oliver Murray came running up from the mill, drenched both of them to the skin, to fetch a screw-wrench and a couple of crowbars; and the water streamed from them as they said a few cheery words, telling me not to be afraid, and then ran back.

Suddenly the storm seemed to be swept back toward the hills, the rain ceased as if my magic, the thunder grew more distant, the lightning more rare; but as I hastily tied on a hat, and went out over the streaming paths, the sight of the little river was now terrific. The water was almost black, but covered with foam as it rushed along. The bridge was washed away, corn sheaves, dead sheep, loose hay and trees were being whirled along, and if it went on swelling I could see that the mill would be in danger.

"Ah, Nelly, dearest!" said a voice; "I've come to see if I could be of any help;" and turning, there stood John Fleming, well dressed, dry, and unruffled, as he threw off a macintosh.

Just then out from the mill came uncle and Oliver Murray, grimy, soaked and with their hair clinging to their foreheads.

"Ah, Fleming! come to help?" said uncle grimly; "better stand aside my lad; we shall soil you."

He laughed and whispered something to me about Oliver Murray's appearance; but I turned away indignantly, as Murray smiled pleasantly and said:

"Ah! I don't look much of a lady's man now."

"Oh, good heavens! I forgot that boy," cried my uncle, and he ran down a few yards to the edge of the stream, waving his hand frantically; for there on the other side of the swift current, now a hundred yards broad came our boy Phil, cantering on his pony to where should have been the ford, but which was now a fierce torrent fifteen feet deep.

"Back, Phil, back!" cried my uncle; and we all waved our hands to him; but the reckless boy, who heard nothing for the roar of the waters, made our blood run cold, for without a moment's hesitation he gave the pony the whip, dashed down the road and plunged in to swim across.

I uttered a shriek, I think for the first time in my life; uncle gave a groan and staggered back; Oliver Murray stood as if turned to stone; and John Fleming caught me in his arm and tried to turn me away from the dreadful sight; but I struggled from him to see our darling wave his hand for help, as the torrent swept him and his pony out further into the stream.

Once the gallant boy tried to turn the pony's head to swim back, but he was in the power of a torrent that would have mastered a hundred times the little Shetland's strength and I knew that there was not a particle of hope.

We all ran down by the side of the rushing stream, and could see the boy's despairing look, as he waved his hand to us, while John Fleming ran about crying—

"A boat, a boat! Go back, Philip, go back!"

"Oh, uncle," I cried, catching his arm, "you must not—you can not!" for he was taking off his coat.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" he groaned. "God help me. I can't swim a stroke!"

At that moment my eyes fell on Oliver Murray, and I felt again poor uncle's words, even in that horrible time of trial. The man was noble—handsome now in the wondrous look that came over him; for while the speck-and-span well-dressed rival ran calling for help, the other had thrown off his coat, vest and boots, and rolled up the dripping shirt over his great muscular arms.

One moment he was at my side, to catch my hand, as his bright gray eyes looked into mine, saying plainly, for I read them—

"Good-by!"

The next moment he was running from us, twenty yards down the rushing stream, where, with a dash and a plunge, he forced his way in and swam boldly out to try and meet the drowning boy.

I pray heaven I may never again see such a sight as that; though my heart throbbed with joy the while as I saw my hero struggling on, now swept away and whirled around in an eddy, now borne under in a whirlpool, while the pony battled bravely on in mid-stream, but without Philip, who was now swimming alone, but sinking—sinking as I watched him, unable to remove my eyes from the horrible sight.

It was like a hideous nightmare. I remember Fleming coming to me to draw me away, and I believe I struck at him with my hands to keep him back. I remember seeing uncle running along, far out in the water that threatened to sweep him too away; and I remember seeing our darling sink while Oliver was swimming far below. Then all seemed to be misty, dreamy and confused, till I woke like one from a trance to hear the shouting of those by my side, for I could not have been insensible a minute.

"Yes?"—"No!"—"He'll never do it!" "He's got him!"—"No, no, it's all over!"—"Oh!"

There was one deep groan in chorus then, and I dashed lower down the stream to see low down in the rushing water a dark head and a pair of staring eyes, not twenty yards away from the edge. Then I saw the strong swimmer was spent, was being swept away, and that all was over, when the stream bore him against a standing tree, to which he clung till a brave fellow swam to him with a rope, and I saw what seemed to be the three bodies dragged ashore.

It was a hard fight for life even then, for both Murray and our darling were insensible when carried up to the mill cottage; but willing hands were about the doctor, and Mr. Wilson helped, and that evening I knelt by Oliver Murray's bedside, holding his hand as I wept over it tears of thankfulness and joy.

I don't think it was then, but two days afterward, while I was his nurse—for he was very ill, cut and injured by the stones of the valley side—that, in answer to a question, I told him he was mistaken about John Fleming.

"But you love him?" he said, in a faint whisper.

"No," I said, in as low a voice, "and I never could."

Need I tell you that I hid my blushing face in his two hands that were stretched out feebly to me? or, more than that, need I say that for many many happy years I have been the wife of Oliver Murray—my hero?—G. Manville Fenn.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

for October is one of the very best of the year. It opens with a fine poem by Jean Ingelow, called, "At One Again," charmingly illustrated. "The Land of the Lakes, or the New Northwest," is a historical sketch of Minnesota, briefly detailing its early history, its recent and surprisingly rapid development, and its great natural resources, and a more definite idea of its progress and beautifully diversified scenery is conveyed to the reader through the medium of the many rich illustrations that embellish the article.

"Parisian Journalists," by Junius Henri Browne, considers briefly the separate career of several of the most of noted journalists of France, presenting a portrait of each, and is well worth an attentive reading. Perhaps of supreme interest to many will be found M. D. Conway's second paper on the "South Kensington Museum," by reason of its matter, and its many and curiously attractive pictures, illustrative of its art treasures. A characteristic sketch of the South, and pertinent to the present troublous times, is entitled, "Glimpses of Dixie," accompanied by suggestive illustrations. The twelfth paper, concerning "The First Century of the Republic," by L. D. Woolsey, considers "The Experiment of the Union with its Preparations." Following this is a good story called, "The Popular Idol;" and next we have one of those fine papers written by Emilio Castelar, on "The Republican Movement in Europe." "Legislative Humors," by S. S. Cox, redefines numor, and treats the public to a fresh dessertation on an agreeably continued topic.

In "Garth" we follow the fortunes of Julian Hawthorne's original hero, for whom the story is named; and in "The Mission of Music" its votaries, or the merely curious, may find entertainment. Both fiction and poetry are well represented, while the Easy Chair comprises several topics of universal interest. The other editorial departments fully maintain their high reputation.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

opens with "Wanderings with Virgil," by Edward C. Bruce, that reads like a student's reverie, and in our suppositious wanderings we glean sufficient knowledge of classic ground and historic personages to compensate for the fatigue of a mental journey, and there are illustrations of the most famous localities visited. "The Ocklawaha in May," by Sidney Lanier, is a delightfully-written reminiscence of a traveler in Florida. "Tintoretto's Last Picture" is a worthy and beautiful poem from the pen of Margaret F. Preston. The story of "The Four Comrades," by Sarah Winter Kellog, is completed in this number. In "Spiritualism and Jurisprudence," by Francis Wharton, LL. D., is considered the knotty problem of the relation of law to the illegal use of "preternatural powers," a subject of considerable interest to many, and well treated in this article. "In the Pinelands," by Robert Wilson, is a cleverly-related reminiscence of life in the Carolinas, and contains some graphic sketches of character. In strong contrast to an article, recently published in another magazine, called "A Peculiar Princess," is "The True Story of Madame Rattazzi," in this number, written in vindication of the character of this celebrated woman. "A Day in China Town," by J. W. Ames, is descriptive of that part of San Francisco inhabited exclusively by her Chinese population, with some account of their haunts and their peculiar habits and customs.

"The Largest Retail Store in the World," a gossipy article full of interest for the general reader, is by Lucy Hooper, and it refers to the famous dry goods establishment in Paris, known as "The Bon Marche."

There are also several admirable poems, a "Song," by F. A. Hillard; "The Winds," by Emma Lazarus, and another of the Camp Fire Lyrics, "The Evening Storm," by Edward Kearsley, and several short stories, besides additional chapters of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's "Leam Dundas." "Our Monthly Gossip" and "The Literature of the Day" are complete, as usual.

THE GALAXY

for October is an interesting number.

The second article on "Sherman's Memoirs" is a candid and sensible review of the campaigns of that commander, as they are related by himself in his recently published work.

"Through Utah," the fourth paper, is an entertaining description of that country, and presents the Mormon people, in their peculiar social aspects, to the reader in a simple yet vivid style.

"Claims to the Discovery of America" is a vigorous research into the various accounts, legendary and otherwise, that we of the present age have in regard to voyages made to this continent by Europeans prior to the times of Columbus, a subject that every American should be familiar with.

Albert Rhodes contributes a very agreeable sketch of an eminent French novelist and playwright, "Octave Feuillet;" and Grenville Murray has an able commentary on the political strategy of the great Corsican in his paper entitled "The Napoleon of History."

In "Letters of Madame de Sabran," Henry James, jr., gives a pleasant narrative of the career of a literary lady of fashion in France, where her high, social, and intellectual attainments made her once the peer of De Stael and Roland, and whose correspondence is still enjoyed by many readers.

The reader will derive much valuable information from the article on "English Pronunciation," another of those unique essays from the ready pen of our accomplished American philologist, Richard Grant White.

Among the poetical contributions is a very creditable one from Mrs. Platt, entitled "Her Lover's Trial."

The two serials, "Leam, a Woman of Fashion," and "Dear Lady Disdain," are continued in three chapters each; and besides these is a short concluded story, and a very entertaining one, of without woman's love, entitled "How She Found Out," by Rose Terry Cooke.

The editorial articles on "Drift Wood," "Nebulæ," etc., are all prepared with the usual care and ability.

ST. NICHOLAS,

this month, presents its usual attractive table of contents. First we have "Captain Porter and the Essex," by G. W. Benjamin, with a fine full-page illustration, and which contains an account of the first battle of Commodore Farragut, and will doubtless excite the enthusiasm of both girls and boys. "The Frigate Bird," by John Lewees, is a sketch of this "robber of the sea," and descriptive of its habits.

"Some Queer Animals," by Ella Rodman Church, will attract first by reason of its rather remarkable illustrations, and secondly, through a natural desire to learn something regarding these strange objects.

"Lord Cornwallis' Day," is another historical sketch. Mothers may read for instruction regarding the entertainment of their little ones, "Some of the Young Readers of St. Nicholas," by Mrs. J. G. Burnet.

"Hunting for My Horses" is an exciting Western sketch, by John A. Emery. Miss Alcott's delightful serial, "Eight Cousins," and J. S. Trowbridge's "Young Surveyor," are both concluded in this number. There are several attractive short stories and delightful poems, especially adapted to very young readers. Jack in the Pulpit contributes generously to the general fund of information, as do all the other departments of this very superior juvenile magazine.

SCRIBNER

for October makes its appearance in its most attractive form.

Major Powell's "Overland Trip to the Grand Canon" is a graphic and elegantly illustrated description of that strangely romantic region, the valley of the Rio Colorado.

Mr. E. C. Stedman's critical treatise on the productions of those English writers of poetic fame who have adorned the reign of the present Queen, is concluded. It is undoubtedly an admirable performance.

"A Mad Man of Letters" is the title of an able dissertation by Francis Gerry Fairfield, explanatory of the morbid mental condition developed in the eccentric life and writings of the most gifted of our American poets, Edgar Allan Poe.

An anonymous writer, a lady we believe, furnishes "Recollections of Liszt and Von Bulow," from which we may gather an accurate knowledge of the social and professional traits of those illustrious musicians.

Some very interesting information on the subject of "Fungi" is contained in the article on "Vegetable Eccentricities."

"Pierrat, Soldier and Statesman," may, as a satire on the third term question, be a success, but, to be candid, we really observe little in it otherwise to admire.

There are several more chapters of "Jules Verne's Mysterious Island," which seems to have regained all its former interest.

Dr. Holland's story of "Sevenoaks" is resumed, and we also have "The Winthrop-Drury Affair," a pleasantly told little story.

The poems are numerous, comprising "Jessamine," by Lathrop; "The Cradle Tomb at Westminster," by Susan Coolidge; "Song," anonymous; "The Answer," by Mary L. Ritter; "Freedom." "Under the Sea," "De Lunatico," "Heather Bloom," and one by Motherwell, "For an Album," and all are of more than usual merit.

The editorial department presents the usual number of able and interesting articles.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

opens with the tenth chapter of Roderick Hudson, by Henry James, jr., a serial worthy of these pages, full of character and dramatic interest. Leaves on the Tide, is a thoughtful poem by Hiram Rich.

"Arthur Hugh Clough," by T.S. Perry, is a conscientious review and sketch of a modern poet, intimately known only to a select few.

George E. Waring contributes the second paper on The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns, a subject previously commended as worthy of special consideration. Every one, doubtless, will read Mrs. Kemble's An Old Woman's Gossip with a curiosity stimulated by previous chapters, and in The Curious Republic of Goudour one may find instruction or amusement, as the case may be, in considering the economy and politics of a fictitious republic.

"Southern Home Politics," by Albert F. Webster, is a sketch claiming to be representative of the general feeling of amity on the part of the better class of the Southern population towards the Government.

"Old Time Oriental Trade," by W. L. Fawcette, comprises an account of ancient Asiatic history, tradition and commerce, its later development and recent enterprise.

"General John DeKalb," by Geo. Washington Greene, is an abridged sketch of a famous officer, in which the author condenses within the limits of a magazine article the leading events of a life replete with historic interest. Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt contributes a beautiful poem called That New World. There are several other poems and one short story. In Recent Literature are exhaustive reviews, and one of them considers Browning's Aristophanes' Apology.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

This excellent journal for October is filled with even more than the usual variety of matter.

"Bats and Their Young," by Prof. H. G. Wilder; Monkeys from a Cold Climate, The Colorado Potato Beetle, and Earthquakes and Their Causes, are descriptive pieces that will well repay a perusal.

The third paper of Major Powell's "Physical Features of the Colorado Valley" treats of the curious "Water Sculpture" observed in that locality, and is, probably, the most interesting of the series.

"Animal Life in Madagascar" gives an account of the peculiar mammalia existing in that island, and is a very valuable paper.

"Instinct and Intelligence," and "Mental Discipline in Education," are two didactic essays that will claim the earnest attention of the reader.

The other articles are "A New Antiseptic," "The Mechanical Action of Light," by Prof. Crookes, F. R. S.; "The Artificial Preparation of Organic Bodies," by Prof. Ida Remsen; "Pasteur of Fermentation," "Croll on Climate and Time," "The Cause of the Light of Flame," by Prof. W. Stein; and a sketch of Prof. Stokes, together with the very interesting editorial "Notes" and "Miscellany."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY

this month contains the following articles: "The Old French Power in America," "Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice," "Recent Archæological Discoveries in Rome," "The Two Sisters" (Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps); second paper of "Tyndal's Lecture on Fog Signals," "Marie Antoinette in Letters," "Italy in the Middle Ages," "Girolamo Savvanarola," "How I Made the Sermon," "Confessions of an Artisan," "Only a Wee Bit Bairn," "The Different Ways of Fastening Gates," "Lake Chautauqua," "Heimfriedsnad," "The Rights of Children," "For Tired Mothers," besides several good poems and a number of varied editorial productions, forming an excellent number, and it is likewise embellished with a fine steel engraving, "Mountain Lake Among the Andes," and a well executed portrait of Miss Smiley, the renowned female preacher.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of The Living Age for September 4th and 11th contain Memoirs of Count de Segur, and The First Stewart in England, from the Quarterly Review; Nan, a Summer Scene, from Blackwood; The Mediterranean of Japan, and Prof. Calmes, from the Fortnightly Review; Thomas Ellwood, from Leisure Hour; Hans Christian Andersen, from the Spectator; with installments of "German Home Life," "Fated to be Free," and "The Dilemma," and the usual choice poetry and miscellany.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.

This popular monthly appears for October with five interesting chapters of Oliver Optic's serial, Going West, or the Perils of a Poor Boy; four chapters of Elijah Kellogg's serial, Brought to the Front, or the Young Defenders; two chapters of Elizabeth Dudley's serial, Nature's Scholar; and shorter stories and sketches, among which are another installment of The African Trader, Edward Dessault's Reminiscences of West Africa Life, in which he narrates his trade with a caravan, and his being made a Mahommedan; How we caught an Angel and reared it the Land, by an Old Salt; Lina's Saturday, by Herbert Newbury; School Girl Nonsense, a story found in a pocket, by Anna S. Heuston; and A Round Trip, by the editor. The poems are, The Fall Flight, a Sportman's Idyl, by Capt. Charles D. Hale; Song, by Mary N. Prescott; The Mountain Spirit, by Geo. S. Burleigh; Only Flirting, by Nellie M. Garibouti; The World's Lyric, by Thomas Powell; Autumn Song, by Miss M. E. N. Hathaway. In addition to these bright and attractive contributions are an original Parlor Operetta, Auld Robin Gray, by Mr. T. Calder; A Dutch Story, by Charles F. Adams, entitled Schneider's Tomatoes. A humorous paper on Mu-quitoes, for the orator, and Letter Bag, Head-work, Pigeonhole, and Editorial Departments well filled; to which are to be added four full-page illustrations from celebrated artists, and a nice little bit of music, Be Happy as we Can, by J. H. Tenney. Published at $3 per year by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

What a Californian Realized from a Single Sale of Wheat.

Some little time since, says the Californian Farmer, we held a conversation with Dr. H. H. Toland relative to his stock of wheat at his large and splendid ranch near Rio Vista. Dr. Toland farms his land wisely. Good deep tillage, repeated plowing, planting in the right season, and doing all work well, has given him scriptural returns — some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold—and the consequence was that he kept his own counsel, and this year he had his crop of 1874 and '75 both on hand, choice wheat—the nice little pile of 85,000 bushels, equal to over five million pounds, exactly 51,000 centals, equal to $2.25 the cental, equal to $2.30 here, and the crops netted him the splendid sum of $114,750. A very nice sum for a deposit at interest.

Edgar A. Poe's monument, to be placed over his grave in Baltimore, is finished. It is of white marble, eight feet high. On the front of the monument is a beautifully chiseled medallion of the poet, carved from a photograph in the possession of a member of Poe's family. The likeness in marble is said to be correct. The memorial will probably be dedicated early in October. Invitations have been sent to Henry W. Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John G. Saxe. They have all sent letters in reply, but it is not known whether any of them have indicated an intention of being present. Two poems have been composed for the occasion—one by a lady in Baltimore, and the other by a poet of a Northern State. Prof. Shepherd will deliver the oration.—Boston Post.

A curious anatomical discovery is said to have been made by a doctor in Japan. He says that the cheek-bone of the Japanese is double in many cases, instead of being a single structure. The additional bone is united to the other by a suture, and it is believed to be peculiar to the Japanese race. If this be true, then must we look to Japan for the future book agent and lightning-rod peddler.